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RAZZLE

65p

Volume 5 Number 1
PUBLISHED BY
PAUL RAYMOND

MARIE HARPER DROPS A STITCH

DEBEE ASHBY IS TU-TU DIVINE

NUDISTS' SEX CODE

LOLA DOES IT ON EIGHT WHEELS

HOT SEX IN THE SAUNA

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RAZZLE

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 1

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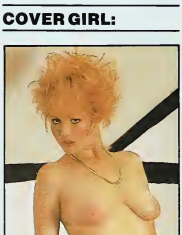

Kitty's spread on page 8.

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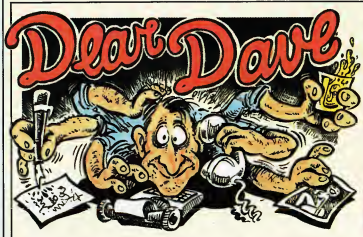


All write now! Yes, go on, get out the ballpoints and the paper and tell us all about your naughty times, your favourite women and your outrageous fantasies. Drop a line to Dear Dave, Razzle Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. And I'll even slip you a crisp tenner if you send in a pic I can use.

Gardener's Tool

Renovating our new home left us with no time for the garden, so we hired a local lad to tidy it up. When he arrived, even I had to admit he was good-looking: over six foot tall, blue eyes and sun-bleached hair.

It was a hot day, so I had urged my wife to sun herself in her skimpiest bikini which showed off most of her athletic figure. The introductions over, I excused myself saying there was work to be done in the loft. A small window up there allowed me to view the whole garden area without being observed.

Watching closely now, I was getting turned on already by the way Marilyn was displaying herself to the lad. He had now stripped down to a small pair of boxer shorts. It wasn't difficult to notice that he was taking a keener interest in Marilyn than the garden. Watching her lazily moving on the lounger while he kept stealing glances, I found myself almost *willing* something to happen between them.

Making the first move, Marilyn offered him the suntan oil indicating the places she couldn't reach. It was cock-raising viewing as his hands moved fluidly over her taut body, across her shoulders, down her back, and slowly along her shapely legs. I could see her squirm as his hands massaged the oil between her slightly parted thighs. They lingered there, gently rubbing, until she moved and spread her legs a hint wider.

Then his glistening fingers slipped inside the band of material around her crotch. The way she moved her hips to his ministrations suggested that this was what she wanted.

Marilyn rolled onto her side allowing his delving fingers to probe more effectively. Her body was tensing and relaxing and, when she almost doubled-up on the lounger, I knew she had climaxed massively. Still wracked by her convulsions, she grappled at his shorts, fondling the outline of what looked to be a formidable cock. He pulled away slightly and dropped his shorts unveiling a penis which looked twice as long as mine.

She took it firmly in one hand and drew him to her mouth. I could see her tongue flicking around its bulbous knob as she stroked its length. His hands reached down to pull her head towards him, filling and distorting her cheeks with his length. Then she pulled away and turned to offer him her upthrust bottom. Kneeling behind her now, he simply lifted the strip of material to one side and entered her in one slow lunge.

Marilyn shuddered in orgasm, again. It was too much for me, I shot my load. But almost immediately, he pulled out of her as his cock spat thick wads of come over her arse and back.

I didn't mention what I'd seen when I joined them later. That night Marilyn and I had a fantastic fuck, never once men-

Magic Tits

I must congratulate you on Toby's Jugs (Vol 4 No 21). "Admit she's big" you say. She's fantastic...bloody marvellous, I would say! It's been a very long time since I've seen such a fuckable pair of tits as hers. Who needs a cunt to fuck? I'd love to place my hard six inches between those globes and tit-fuck her. I'm sure you've certainly raised more pricks than ever featuring her, Dave. Let's have more of Toby's Jugs please.

George, W. Mids

By popular demand, abracadabra! – Dave.

Pumping Over Pauline

As a regular of Razzle, I wondered if you could do me a favour by bringing back Pauline. The last time I saw her was in Vol 3 No 5 – a long time ago, you'll agree.

She was flexing her muscles in her tennis kit last time. My girlfriend even agrees with me that she has a great body, and many a time we have had sex over Pauline's pics.

I assure you, her pictures are covered in all sorts of stains!

P.Q., Sussex

This OK? – Dave.

tioning the gardener. I've asked him back now to do a little more work, so now I'm hoping for good weather and searching for something to do in the loft!

Adrian, Middx

A Messy Business

I first got involved in 'slapstick' by accident. I wanted to get into the modelling business and naively accepted an offer to do a food shoot.

I was told there would be some nude shots, by which I thought they meant a bit of flesh in some pics, 'adult' slides weren't mentioned. They asked me to dress well, as if for a posh restaurant, so I borrowed some money and dolled myself up from knickers out, just in case.

The set was a circular table laid with silverware and lit by two candles. I sat at one side and drank some wine which I was offered while the studio lights were being set up.

I started to realise things were not quite right when I was introduced to Elaine. Her costume was of a tarty maid, very short black dress which showed her frilly white panties and the tops of black lace stockings. Black patent stilettos and white cap and apron finished it off. I was directed to place my order with her, but I didn't expect what followed...

Returning with a bowl of tomato soup, Elaine was told to tilt the bowl over me, towards the camera, and then to tip it into my lap. I was so nervous I didn't know what to do, so I kept quiet, thinking of the money I had wasted on my new gear. While thinking this, she returned and covered my shoulders in warm beans.

What I did notice was the effect the warm beans were having on my panties—they were damp, and it wasn't just the soup. Through all this nervousness, I was getting turned on! When I was offered the chance to retaliate, I didn't waste any time, pouring porridge over Elaine.

That started a great food fight using: ketchup; salad cream in my hair; lots of semolina poured into the front of Elaine's skimpy costume, saturating her panties which I could see as I tore off her dress. She came after me with bright yellow custard, applied by lifting my dress over my head and rubbing it into damp but clean knickers.

After I threw some tins of paint over her, Elaine lay on the floor, lifted her panties aside and started to rub between her legs. She was still grabbing at me with one hand when she brought herself to a climax. As all the attention was now focussed on her, I gathered what was left of my costume and drove home.

My husband didn't say a word as I walked through the door, he just ripped off my tattered skirts and messy knickers, and fucked me there and then in the hallway.

Julie, Nottingham

Any chance of a few slides, Julie? – Dave.

To Please Cock

My sexy wife is a great sport and loves to dress up and act the tart whenever I ask. She has a superb wardrobe of frilly undies, lingerie, and uniforms, which I love to see her in.

Recently she had a clothes party and two of her friends stayed on for a drink after. I had to go out for the evening to leave them to change in peace.

When I got home I knocked as usual, but Louise, my wife, didn't answer. It was Doretta, a dominant type, darkly dressed in basque, stockings, high heels, and elbow-length gloves.

"Do come in, Peter," she said. "I hope you've not had too much to drink because I need you to sort out that pair of sluts in the lounge." I followed her to the room, where Louise and another friend Trish sat naked on the sofa.

"What are you here for?" Doretta asked the girls.

"To please cock, Madame!" chorused the girls.

"Well, you'd better put your things on while Peter takes his clothes off," Doretta dictated. I stripped off and watched as my wife dressed up in fishnet stockings, red peep-toe shoes, open-crotch panties and peep-hole bra. Trish put on a white blouse, black tie, black skirt (no panties), black seemed nylons, and white court shoes.

Doretta lightly stroked my prick with one gloved finger, running it slowly up and down my shaft. She ordered the girls to stand closer to us, with their legs apart. I was directed to hold Louise's labia wide open and slide a dildo in and out with obvious ease. My wife was wet and willing.

Trish was then told to raise her skirt, exposing her pussy, and the scene was repeated with me holding my wife's friends cunt open. I was made to lick and suck on Doretta's wet hole while I frigged her clitty with two fingers.

The rest of the night was a blur as Doretta directed the girls to suck me while I fingered her. I was allowed to come three times, once in Trish's face and then inside the others.

If you print this, I'll write about our next event in a few weeks time.

Pete, Derby

FOOTNOTES by Tony Neat

I'M FED UP WITH YOU SPENDING ALL YOUR MONEY ON BOOZE AND GAMBLING...
...YOU DON'T GIVE ME ENOUGH FOR HOUSE KEEPING!
IT WOULD DO YOU BLOODY GOOD TO BE HARD-UP FOR A CHANGE
OKAY THEN—JUST THIS ONCE!
PLINK!

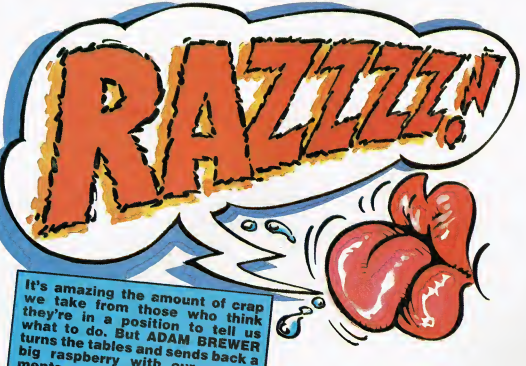
LET THE GOOD TIMES FLOW

Del's most embarrassing moment still brings the colour to her dainty little cheeks. Seems that she was invited to a toffee-nosed 'drinks party' in a classy part of Chelsea and, as she said: "...I felt like a fish outta water!"

Whilst floundering to make polite small talk with the nobs she slipped up in a big way and, "arse-over-titted-it" into the drink. This not only ruined the conversation, but also her fancy dress.

"I came up to all these berks with outstretched hands, screaming blue murder about my dress being ruined, and all they could do was stand there and say 'get it awf'. So I did. You should 'ave seen their boat races. I wasn't wearing knickers or bra – no strap lines, see – and I thought 'alf of them might faint."

But all's well that ends well, it seems. Two or three of the less self-bloated types dived in with her and the good times flowed...


RAZZLE!
It's amazing the amount of crap we take from those who think they're in a position to tell us what to do. But ADAM BREWER turns the tables and sends back a big raspberry with our compliments...

NEXT HOME SECRETARY'S WIFE IN SEX ROMPS SHOCK!

I see that Paula Yates, wife of possible SDP parliamentary candidate and possible future Home secretary, Bod Geldof, is making a soft-porn feature for Channel 4. Apparently, La Yates is supposed, on the programme, to seduce pop stars, drag them into bed and discuss sex with them.

It sounds terribly boring to me, but I've never understood why commonplace statements are any more interesting when uttered by the famous than they are on the number 11 bus. And I've *had* men bragging about their sex lives! Up to HERE!!

Of course the programme has a deep social purpose: "We want to say to people – look, sex is great," the director told the *Sunday Person* (in another exclusive – what have they been putting in the *Person* hacks' coffee?) "Let's face it, these days the whole thing seems to be going out of fashion."

So it is. Funny that. I wonder if it has anything to do with the screaming headlines about AIDS, the overheated reporting of rapes, child abuse, incest and sex murders which seems about all there is in the papers this week.

Under this concentrated battery even the most ardent sex lover cannot but have the shine knocked off his innocent dalliances by too close an encounter, via the shits, with the dark side of the sex drive.

NO MORE ORGY-BARGY

Farewell wife-swapping and casual lust – if AIDS don't get you, the feminists must!

Excuse my flight into rhyme, but one feels the need for a little formality after reading the intensely wretched shit sheets. I was sparked off by Jeffrey Bernard, one of the good things in the new *Sunday Smearer*. A lifelong socialist, Bernard was given a hard time by a young Turk from the jolly ol' Balliol College Oxford.

This toffee-nosed whelp told him that he too was a socialist and the students at his college leaned hard to the left. But they would disapprove of poor old Jeffrey because he is a famous boozer, punter and womaniser. Grievous sins in the eyes of the left-wing puritanism embraced by the young feministas and their ball-less fellow travellers.

This is the kind of joyless socialism we are going to get if Labour win the election. I'm taking bets about how long *Razzle* will survive Glenys as P.M.'s puppet-mistress.

One month? Two?

It may be, you know, that AIDS (with a grinning skull under it – gawdstrewth!) will actually help the feminista cause.

If I were you I should save your Razzles now and bury them in a secret place against a zany day.

In plastic bags, folks. So the smut police dobermans can't sniff 'em out.

BEEBING HEARTS!

Recent rumbles in the Tebbit/BBC war remind me of the furore surrounding Stormin' Norman's first offensive last year – the comparison of the Beeb's tearful reports on the Libyan bombing with ITN's more old-fashioned approach.

I had just arrived back from darkest Devonshire (a savage region from which I come and where I retire when the feminist anti-ageist, non-racial body-linguist, non-aggressive, namby-pamby, super-trendy egotism of North London seems (however briefly) to be related in some way to the attitude of the British people.

My colleagues were in a ferment about this attack on the great and good BBC aimed at manipulating its political stance at the General election or some such cant.

I read the documents and had no doubt Tebbit was right in that particular case. (Lucky for the Beeb he hadn't thought of this idea during the opening days of the Falkland war, that's all I can say!)

But if, as many suggest, he feels there is overt political bias at the Beeb, then I think he's on the wrong track. Certainly BBC news people are, generally, to the left of this government. But a journalist, like a barrister, should be able to do a professional job no matter what his political convictions and I'm sure the BBC hacks can, most of the time.

It's not political bias at the Beeb. It's CLASS bias.

BBC journalists are the élite of society. They are rich upper-middle-class snobs who are treated as demi-gods by the struggling PROs of mighty companies and publicity seekers in all walks of life. *Everyone* crawls to these frightful Pooh-Bahs.

Their view of life is a patrician view, shared with the rich u.m.c. Londoners amongst whom they eat, drink and fornicate with patrician savoir faire, while their cocksure hearts bleed into the quiche for the poor and underprivileged.

It's basic tenets are these: 1: As Britain has been a frightfully exploitive, colonialist power for centuries, it must expiate this guilt by never standing up for itself, never looking like a bully and doing everything the bunch of tyrants and brigands, known as the 'international community', demand. 2: The Americans are far worse and led by a madman. 3: Black people are always nice, even the shits. 4: All minority groups are in the right. 5: The rich should expiate the guilt which money and influence must bring by talking all the time about the underprivileged and feeling dreadfully sorry for them. 6: The rich should pay huge taxes to the aforesaid underprivileged. 7: By the 'rich' we do not mean the £40,000-a-year-type with his Hampstead flat and his house in the country; such people as ourselves are just about scraping by – we mean the *really* rich. That is anyone considerably richer than we're ever likely to be. 8: Anyone who calls *ME* rich and privileged will get a punch in the gob!

Here you have the basis for BBC reporting. From the patronising desire to take up the cases of us poor, exploited also rans to their foreign news coverage. It's all based on a massive guilt complex!

I wonder if these people know how alien they appear amidst the cow muck of rural Devon? Where I come from people KNOW they're all Marxist traitors!

How do they look from your part of the country?

If it turns out the BBC really IS the voice of Britain I'll…I'll…I'll…pay my licence fee.

YOU'LL FEEL A LITTLE PRICK

There's something totally disgusting about the *Sunday Person*. A mixture of prurience, sentimentality and gossip-mongering which makes you want to puke. A *Person* Exclusive, of course, is always entirely revolting – mainly because the *Person* only gets the exclusives that other papers cannot stomach.

This latest monstrosity is about a poor chap stricken with Multiple Sclerosis. As a result he couldn't get an erection. Until he found a professor who showed his wife how to inject some concoction into his cocktion which does the trick – for an hour or so.

His wife is now having triplets!!

Human interest, they call it. Inhuman exploitation, I call it. I don't blame these poor blokes at all – except for letting the *Person* make a pantomime of them like this. But it makes me sick.

The professor, on the other hand, sounds quite a jester. Talking about his amazing cure for the droop to a bunch of disbelieving American doctors, he produced a long-lasting erection in himself beforehand, just in case.

So, when someone asked him for proof, he could drop his daks and give them 'firm' evidence!

I wonder what he said. "Here is one I prepared earlier," perhaps?

BARBAROUS LOGIC

A dead fox tossed to hounds of the Heythrop Hunt was the grand finale of a children's day treat for the sons and daughters of Hunt Members.

This got the poor old *Sunday Person* in one hell of a lather. Didn't do much for the League Against Cruel Sports spokesman John Bryant either:

"To subject young, sensitive children to acts of brutality is disgraceful. To indoctrinate them into blood sports at a vulnerable age is beyond the pale," he fulminated.

He never quite explained how come this totally barbarous act which, we must suppose, would disgust and horrify the sensitive kids, actually attracted them to hunting.

You might think it would put them off.

But then, of course, both the *Person* and the League suspect that the rich Colonels and such, whom they believe make up the hunting fraternity, aren't really human anyway.

Either that or they really believe that the spectacle of a fox being torn up by hounds is somehow very alluring.

Or they don't really know what they think.

Which sounds most likely.

CREAM CRACKERS

Cream can come as a great surprise to some people – Emily, for example. There she was, minding her own business in a tight, black swimsuit (well, not exactly minding her own business, more like looking out for the interests of Razzle readers), when suddenly – WALLOP! A well-aimed pie hit her squarely between her wonderful expanding chests.

"Thanks, fellas!" said Emily. "I really needed that. What's next – the bucket above the door? The joke snake in my handbag?"

None of them. Sorry, Emily. We couldn't resist it. There you were, looking so serene, and now you're a beautiful mess. And it's easily cleaned up, isn't it?

"I suppose so," went on Emily. "Any volunteers for licking it off?"

Oh, only about two hundred thousand of us Emily.

TIGER on the Loose

Kitty, eh? Apt name for a tiger that. This one lives somewhere in the vast urban sprawl of South London, and even though commuters aren't exactly used to having a tiger on their tail, it must be said that panic's not the usual reaction when Kitty turns up at the bus stop. Quite the opposite in fact. Chaps have been known to put aside their *FT*s and put into gear phrases they haven't used in ten years, oldies too like "Hey Good Lookin' whattya got cooking?" and "What's a nice girl like you doing at a bus stop like this?"

Does it impress her? we ask. Kitty laughs in reply.

"Not really, but it's kinda cute I suppose. It's not their fault, they've been out of circulation so long in the chat-up stakes they just can't get the more up-front style that the young guys have these days. I'm more used to men asking for what they want more directly. Still, it's quite flattering, and I have to admit that if some of these older men loosened up a bit they'd be quite fanciable."

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LOOKS FAMILIAR

The girls you feel you know

Stephanie

34-23-34

Modelling career span: 5 years. **Why model?** Friends suggested it as a way of getting money and travelling. **1st magazine appearance:** Escort. **Most memorable shoot:** A Bottom Row knicker party – the photographer was showing us models how to wear knickers, putting them on and clowning around. **Future ambition:** To run my own business, selling water-beds, and to be a success at it. **Hobbies/interests:** Water-skiing, snow-skiing, rock 'n' roll, men, classical music, helping the aged. **Favourite type of man:** Jack Nicholson – he has so much charisma. **Reaction to pictures in print:** They're great, but I wish I had got 'O' levels. **Most beautiful model in the business:** Keran Thornton. She worked sometimes in men's mags, but has now moved on to new things. **Any other comments:** It's a fantastic business, I've travelled the world and seen so much. I'd recommend it to anybody.

Dave'll Fix It

HOT 'N' HORNY

Ever since I started working out at a local gym, I've found the biggest turn-on to be the sauna. It's mixed, but all very respectable with everyone wearing towels. However, it hasn't stopped me yet from getting a massive erection every time the girls come in.

After five minutes in the steam, their perfect bodies are dripping. When the girls sit there, the sweat forms pools in cute belly buttons and flows freely down their chests. It's this sight that turns me hard, but it would be unimaginably sexier if they weren't wearing towels.

Could you fix it for me, Dave, to see a girl in a sauna, sweating heavily, but without any cover or towels to soak up their wetness? I'd be very grateful...

Mitchell, SW5

How's this, Mitch? Slick body builder Toni, here, works out two nights a week, and she confessed that she'd love it if the boys didn't wear anything but a smile and sweat! Don't throw the towel in guys, give me a try – send your requests to: DAVE'LL FIX IT, RAZZLE MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE – and together we'll work something out! – Dave.

SCIENCES
RANC

Harper's BIZARRE

Marie Harper, Razzle's first centrefold and one of the sexiest, craziest, most beautiful girls in town. There's not much she hasn't done and now she wants to share her experiences with you personally. What a girl! Read all about it!

I had just had two weeks of out-every-night and thoroughly indulgent primrose path existence, and I was truly knackered. My resolution at the end of all this hurly burly was to have a really quiet week at home in my flat. Top of the list of things to do was – In Bed By 9pm and No Sharing! Second to this, was a week of scrabble training, playing with myself (Scrabble, that is, and not what you lot are thinking at all) and exercising my brain. I love Scrabble, as you know, and can sit for hours, playing both hands.

When I wasn't either sleeping or scrabbling, I resolved to knit myself a little comforter for the winter. I had had a few balls of wool for something like two years, in which time I had often got the needle, but the wool hadn't. This was my idea of a monastic week, where I'd use the time to recharge weak batteries and finally get some things done I'd always said I'd get done, but never had.

Well, I'd no sooner got the wool on my needles and giving it some uncharacteristic knit-one-pearl-one treatment when the phone rang. Would you believe it on my sabbatical, but a bout of heavy breathing followed by this husky voice saying: "You know what happens to dirty girls? They have their knickers taken down, and they get thrown across a knee for a severe spanking."

"Sorry," I said, remaining perfectly calm, "you've got the wrong dirty girl. I don't have any knickers on." With that smart *bon mot*, I hung up and unplugged my phone. The idea was to have a quiet weekend, so no hot chat on the blower with a disciplinarian.

I'd knitted about four rows, when my front doorbell rang. Reluctantly, I put my wool aside, and answered in person. On my threshold, I encountered a man and a woman.

"We're Jehovah's Witnesses, and we are here to bring you spiritual aid."

"Wrong again," I yelled, "the spirit's strong, but the flesh is very unwilling. I'm only interested in sex aid. Goodbye." I slammed the door, just in case they didn't catch my drift. Urban living gets on my tits, you know. Mine aren't very big yet, (although I'm going to change that) so it's easy to get on them.

Neighbour

However, a mere five minutes passed while I clicked with my needles, before the doorbell went again. I threw down my knitting in despair, and went down to see just how many people were in on this conspiracy to prevent my peace and quiet. It was a vast improvement on my last callers, that I can tell you. I was confronted by a quite dazzlingly attractive young man, and it transpired that he was the new tenant of the flat next to mine. He didn't want a cup of sugar, but did I perchance have a stepladder he could borrow?

Well, this little traffic-stopper

could have had anything he wanted in spite of my resolution to forgo any fleshy pursuits for a whole week, and it so happened that your intrepid Harper *did* possess a ladder. As he gratefully carried the afore-said object out of my flat, I thought to myself that, with him as a neighbour, I might not be seen out and about on the town for a very long time.

Rammed Home

I'll give you an action replay of the fantasy that flashed through my mind. Would you like that? I'll just bet you would. Here goes: I am in a sheer nightie with a diaphonous dressing-gown loosely on top of that. I knock on my handsome new neighbour's door. He opens it in black silk pyjamas. I apologise profusely for calling so early and ask if I could possibly borrow a bowl of cornflakes for my breakfast. He invites me inside with a broad smile, inquiring whether grapenuts will suffice as he is all out of flakes.

Staring ravenously into his emerald eyes, I tell him that any nuts will do. This saucy message is rammed home to him, so to speak, as I give his groin an impertinent squeeze. Of course, my tiny little hand lingers there with electrifying results. I begin to fondle the area, cornflakes receding rapidly from the uppermost part of my mind. The next thing you know, I am uppermost in his bed, riding him like a mare and against a wonderful lurid background of black sheets and mirror tiling. It is a case of love thy neighbour, until my own pleasure zones become too acute to ignore, and I shriek out in ecstasy like a common soprano.

I have never been a silent comer which, as you can imagine, has often led to moments of high embarrassment over the years. Once, for instance, in a very fashionable restaurant, I had occasion to cry out, startling the other diners and leaving me weak at the knees. Much as I loved the food there, I never found the extra courage I needed to go back in there. My skilful boyfriend at that meal was of French nationality, and I had to give him the elbow – a fair *quid pro quo* as he had given me the hand.

Coming out of my reverie – and I mean that literally – I discovered that I had, in my orgasmic confusion, knitted my comforter into the jumper I was wearing. What an amazing carry-on! By the time I unravelled it, I was bare-titted, in addition to being bare-arsed. FOOK IT! This quiet week idea was just too exhausting to maintain. So it was on with the bra and panties, and down to the clubs. My problem's that I can never pull the wool over my own eyes. It's flesh every time, which is why I buy all my sweaters.

Ta-ta for now,
Marie

Dear Marie,
I'm just writing to say a big thank you for your best ever spread in Razzle's volume 4 number 21. Never seen so many open shots of you in one issue. Besides, all your stories crack me up something terrible. It takes me a week to get over each issue as it comes out.

Meanwhile, I'd like to draw your attention to this new contraption they're erecting (sorry!) in ladies' loos called 'Le Funelle'. Have you heard of it? Basically, it's a new hygienic alternative to women squatting at public toilets. Instead of touching the seat, thousands of women will be adopting a new stance altogether, courtesy of this disposable paper funnel.

It says here in the article that the funnels are seven inches long, with a handle, a scoop like wide mouth and a water-resistant interior surface, but "they become tissue-like when submerged in water." Ever since I read about this, I've been looking out for you to give us a treat by wearing one so we could all see how things operate in practice. Wouldn't it have come in handy, for instance, with your wine-making kit, eh Marie? You could have even used them to fill the bottles with too?

Well, Marie, I think you're lovely, and I really do enjoy all you do and say. I enjoy beauty, and you are The Body Beautiful. Your last spread (sorry to go on about it) must appeal to every admirer you have – with shoes, without shoes, laying, sitting, with knickers, without knickers. But what's that liquid in the big fermenting jar? You're not, are you? Well, enough of this, must go and mop up. The problem is that I wrote this sitting on a towel.

Big Bob, Northants

Big Bob, you're obviously an intellectual. I like intellectuals unless they beat me at scrabble. Of course I'll use the funnel when it's generally available. I'll do almost anything for a laugh, except sit on a towel.

Dear Marie,
I once saw a film in Germany and a girl who looked very much like you walked into a shower-room full of men and sucked them all off, one by one, while they did various things to her body, sticking their fingers in, spunking over her tits and helping her to hold her mouth open so she could catch their spunk and swallow it. This girl was the most energetic sex kitten I've seen in my whole life. She was in and out all the time, hardly ever taking a breath. She had blonde hair like you. Her tits were firm and small like yours. Her legs were shapely like yours. In fact, she was your spit. Was it you?

Les, Somerset

Are these questions for real, Les? This girl you're describing sounds like a professional seal that's escaped from a zoo. The men were 'helping her to hold her mouth open', were they? That's a new one. Lots of girls spend a great deal of their time trying to look like me. I don't give multiple blow-jobs. I'm not an energetic sex kitten, either. I'm one of the laziest girls I've ever met.

CUSHION ROULETTE

Cynthia's got a big one – a sofa, that is. It takes up half the room almost. The lady must have a lot of guests.

"I do – but not all at once," says Cynthia, with a hint of wickedness. "I know a lot of people think of the bedroom as the centre of sexual activity, but I've always had a soft spot for the old sofa – or maybe I should say it's always had a soft spot for me. It constantly reminds me of my first serious canoodling sessions when I was about eighteen. I lost my cherry on the sofa in my parent's house, while they were upstairs asleep. It seemed very daring at the time, and the sofa I've got now always gives me that secret thrill – although now I've got a lot more time to spend with my men without any fear of interruption..."

Specially for
the dirty shoe
fetishists

JIMMY'S RIDDLES

NOW THEN, now then, stop that! The devil makes work for idle hands – and it's a shocking waste of tissue paper. Our resident mastermind Jimmy Riddle's new puzzle page will give you all lots of good, clean and healthy fun. So, get your hands off those naughty bits and exercise your grey cells on Razzle's braintwisting teasers…

JIGSAW JOLLIES

Some gals just go to pieces when they appear in Razzle. Help them get it together again by matching up the numbered boxes to find three lovely examples of the fair sex.

SQUARE ROOTING

Using only the numbers in the box, arrange it so that all four rows, horizontally and vertically, add up to the same, as well as the four corner squares and the four central squares.

2			
	7		
		4	
			5

GET 'EM OUT

PHILANDER

Find as many words as possible in the above. They must be at least four letters, with no plurals, foreign words or proper names.

Scores: 40-45 Good; 45-50 Very good; 50-55 Brilliant; 55+ Razzle Smartarse Award

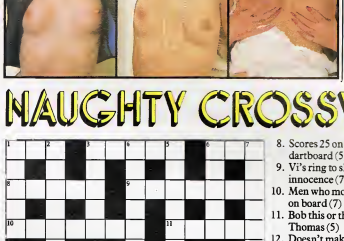
THE DIRTY DOZEN

E	I	J	R	A	B	O	O	T	M	S	P	
S	D	P	E	T	I	G	U	O	A	Y	O	
B	F	O	P	S	R	E	S	U	O	R	T	
O	I	U	P	T	U	S	N	O	S	L	U	
O	S	T	I	A	E	O	R	T	R	S	T	
B	P	I	Z	O	T	W	E	S	H	T	S	
K	I	N	S	Y	R	N	C	E	O	H	Y	
Y	S	G	R	T	H	R	Y	R	L	G	R	
K	E	T	A	S	E	C	S	K	O	I	T	
L	A	S	I	W	S	M	R	O	F	T	S	
I	B	F	S	A	T	I	S	F	I	E	D	
S	E	U	G	N	O	T	R	O	U	S	O	

Find the following twelve words hidden in the grid above. They may be vertical, horizontal or diagonal, forward or backward and may overlap.

FISHNETS TRYST BOOBS TIGHTS
SILKY TONGUE SATISFIED LEGS
TROUSERS POUTING ZIPPER SCREW

NAUGHTY CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Drinking vessel that could be A, B or C (3)
3. Ouch! Jerry Lee Lewis's were on fire… (5)
6. Alison Moyet's nickname (3)
8. Scores 25 on the dartboard (5)
9. Vi's ring to show their innocence (7)
10. Men who move around on board (7)
11. Bob this or this Thomas (5)
12. Doesn't make a hit with these girls (6)
14. Agreement, sometimes royal (6)
17. It could be red in the tart's window (5)
19. Masturbate on the SS Toffo (4,3)
22. RAC sane enough to drive an army tank (7)
23. Miss Dolittle (5)
24. Abbreviated relative (3)
25. Biblical city of sin (5)
26. Leslie from CATS Eyes (3)

DOWN

1. Bird too young to go on hen night? (5)
2. This underwear could get PE stain (7)
3. Tree used by the CP lover (5)
4. Extravagant in Jinla Vishnu (6)
5. Takes steps in these trousers (7)
6. Shakesperian fairy sounds like he could receive TV (5)
7. Stockings for the trawlerman? (7)
12. Interferes with (7)
13. Lures (7)
15. Anything to do with sex (7)
16. Hit – by rock or by pot perhaps (6)
18. Nothing like men, these people (5)
20. It powered the old trains (5)
21. A lightning exposure? (5)

ANSWERS

CROSSWORD Across: 1 Cup; 3 Balls; 6 Ali; 8 Score; 9 Virginal; 10 Revolves; 11 Dylan; 12 Misses; 14 Deal; 17 Light; 19 Toss off; 22 Souvenir; 23 Elliott; 24 Rel; 25 Sodom; 26 Ahn. Down: 1 Cadet; 2 Panties; 3 Silver; 4 Extravert; 5 Swales; 6 Alvin; 7 Plumber; 12 Molested; 13 Entices; 15 Sensual; 18 Dutch; 20 Steam; 21 Flash.

*Cat, Tim, Alpha, Aphid, Aden, Acid, Ado, Adult, Aft, Aunt, Aunty, Ant, Ante, Anti, Apt, Ate, Auto, Ay, Ayah, Ayatollah, Ayes, Ayr, Ayrshire, Ayurveda, Ayurvedic, Ayurvedics, Ayurvedics, Ayurvedics

WOT BOOK AND VIDEO

THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST (PENGUIN – £2.95) by Anne Tyler
THE SECRET WEB (STAR – £2.50) by Jane Roberts
MAN FEVER (GRAFTON – £2.50) by Lynn Bell

The modern divorcee's fiction manual is coming along very nicely now.

Early on in its publishable infancy, couples mainly screamed at the top of their range and threw plates against the wall. But too many folks are slipping out of the noose these days for this to be an interesting topic for mainstream prose to dwell on. Boys and girls on the decline have other things to say besides 'Breaking-up is hard to do' or 'take that, you bitch/bastard'. In **The Accidental Tourist**, the male party's name is Macon (nice wine) and he comes from a family "always clamping down on the world as if they really thought they could keep it in line."

Macon's a travel blurb writer and his idea of a good time is to play blank cassettes inside his Sony Walkman. When his wife of 20 years ups and quits him, he goes out to mow his lawn like nothing's happened. Then he has the serious misfortune to meet Muriel, the wacky dog-trainer who prefers to teach men how to behave instead. It'll raise your hackles alright, and you might even bark.

"Lesbanism is not a well of loneliness, as one author had it," says Jane Roberts in **The Secret Web**. The author she's on about was Radclyffe Hall and *her* book erupted back in the 1920s, absolutely the wrong time to leap from the closet with a tale of women shacking up with their own sex, let's face it. Jane (or whoever) has picked her moment. It's 60 years later and people can just about handle the concept of 'taboo underworlds' or heavy sentence structures in which "she put one leg across my face and I caught her wide open hairy sex on to my mouth." Jane's rooting for three-somes and other erotic equations which shove sex in front of feelings till both are pretty unrecognisable to anyone still of the opinion that flannelette sheets are the sign of a smouldering relationship.

Then whip back, if you will, to the 1840s for Lynn Bell's **Man Fever** and the ups and downs of Jack Maddock (the 'Lad' is implied), a lusty farmer with clay pipe, quick temper and a really cool stare that can reduce a woman to livestock in seconds. The girl on the cover with half-open bodice is kneeling on straw. She seems capable of rolling in it with anyone who's good with knots and ribbons. These things always look better than they are. I could let it go at that. But this won't fool you for a moment.

L. B. Jefferies

WAVES OF LUST (THE 18 COLLECTION)

When the law governing adult videos was introduced, many of the blue movie producers, distributors and retailers went into mourning and declared the end of an era. All the titles that had been earning them big money were withdrawn from the market place and no one knew with what to replace them.

"How can you make a fuck movie already if nobody is allowed to fuck?" moaned one video mogul.

But then it dawned on them.

Of course. It's easy. The punters will still buy if the packaging is right. He will think there is always a chance that, maybe, a few scenes have slipped past the censor. And providing the video has a story line to justify the nudity, the odds of getting a certificate are that much greater. So what did the video mogul do?

He knew that there was no future in editing out the naughty bits in good, wholesome and highly successful films like *Deep Throat* because what he would be left with would be fuck all.

No. What he did was buy in a whole load of hitherto unknown and very indifferent films from around the world that never achieved cinema distribution because they were so boring and badly made. He showed them to the poor old censor, who was only too pleased to give them their 18 certificate. And then the mogul put them into pretty boxes and sat back in his big chair and waited for you and me to give him enough money to go out and buy a few more boring movies.

Waves Of Lust is an Italian job dubbed into stilted English. But it does have a storyline. There is this poor couple who set their sights on this rich couple, and they all end up on the rich man's yacht. The rich guy gets stinking drunk and his lady makes a play for the handsome poor fellow. The poor girl fancies the rich bird so they all have a threesome. The rich chap sobers up enough to catch them at it, and the rich lady goes overboard and is drowned. The poor people get the rich shit blotto again and dress him in his scuba suit. They send him over the side to his death and sail off into the sunset.

Murder seems to be an OK subject with the censor. I think fornication is less harmful myself.

Maxwell Goring

Nightie-Night

I usually prefer to sleep in the raw but now the weather's so bloody cold, I thought I'd better get myself some new bed clothes. I mentioned this to one of my boyfriends who then said to leave the whole matter up to him. I should have known better; while I was thinking of keeping warm, his mind raced straight to his horn! And this flimsy, see-through nightie is what I got.

***Ann Summers* has this number, in the one colour, for *£9.95*, and while it might not warm me up on its own, it ensures that things get hot when I'm not. Alone, that is.**

Just by the way, it's a great turn on to answer the door when I know who's going to be there – it's nice to leave it slightly ajar and imagine the expression on a fella's face as I walk, done up like this, straight towards the bedroom...

IT'S ALL DOWN TO HUE...

Krissie loves her colours on the softer side: pale blues, gentle pinks, cool greens – all a shade less glaring and a lot more conducive to the kind of romantic sex that she prefers in her life.

"I hate all these fluorescent greens and violent reds that people go for these days," she tells us. "If I got chatted up by a guy in day-glo socks I'd run a mile.

"I had this boyfriend once who called me Lilac Lil. He soon got the boot though. I don't like people making fun of my colour schemes. Love me, love my tastes, that's my motto."

There you are, chaps – time to show your colours. And if you fancy your chances with the delicious Krissie here, then you'd better dress with care. It's worth the effort – Krissie's delights will really put you in the pink...

RAZZLE
DAZZLER

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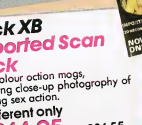

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SNOWBALLING FOR GIRLS

Biologists say that mammals tend to get sluggish during the winter, something to do with the low level of light and lack of sunshine. Certainly, once the nights start growing long and the days cold, nothing seems more enticing than the thought of spending the next four months in a big, warm bed with a sexy friend.

Does the sex urge actually decline during winter? Do we start feeling randier again when the trees start budding in spring? Or doesn't it make any fucking difference?

Ever on the trail of new sexual information, your smart street voyeuse, JANET SPENCER, donned her fur-lined knickers and snow boots to discover what makes the dangle tingle in winter. Our lady readers blow the frost off their sex diaries…

ANGIE, 28, farmer's daughter

I help my family with the farm and I can tell you that the animals aren't at all interested in sex during winter. It's spring before the little beggars start humping each other, apart from the dogs and cats which do it all over the place any time of year.

I certainly get the hots in the spring, which could be something to do with watching the sexual high jinks among the animals, but I'm easily stirred to action in the winter, given the opportunity.

Last January we had to get in an electrician because something had gone wrong in one of the milking sheds. I am just as you'd imagine a farm girl to be, quite thickset and well-built, with the kind of bust that bursts out of all my clothes. I was hardly looking my best in my old dungarees and a tatty jumper, but this man couldn't take his eyes off me, and I fancied him, too.

He was really giving me the eye so I invited him into the farmhouse kitchen for a cup of tea, then pretended I had a wonky light switch in my bedroom – any excuse! It was me who ravished him, but he didn't object much. I undid my dungarees, pressed myself against him till I could feel him getting hard, took out his prick and got him to screw me up against the wall, as my bed squeaks too much.

CORAL, 22, student

I'll tell you one thing – men's pricks don't drop off in the cold, and it doesn't stop them getting erections, either. Not if they're horny enough, anyway. If you're that desperate to fuck, you'll even do it in a ten foot snowdrift.

I'll tell you how I know. During my first year in college there was a shortage of accommodation and I took a room in a house with this really strict landlady who didn't allow boyfriends in girls' rooms. Pete, my bloke, lived with his parents and neither of us had a car.

Such sighs on those icy slopes to jingle your balls

After going out for two months, we were out of our minds. He had a permanent erection and had to keep locking himself in loos for a wank, and I was having to change my drawers about five times a day.

In the end, we went down on the beach at dusk and he just stripped my knickers off me, thrust me down with my bare bum on the frosty pebbles, and we did it. The cold made us move much faster than normal; we were like human vibrators. His prick was so cold it was like being fucked by an icicle. I was numb, but his cum felt red hot inside me, though my knickers were cold and clammy all the way home on the bus. Icy underwear is one of the big disadvantages of winter.

MELINDA, 30, barmaid

The way to get a man to keep his erection in cold weather is to keep his willy warm. You must keep holding it, blowing on it, sucking it, then you'll find you can even screw in snow. I love snow, and skiing, and the air after a snowfall gets me tremendously elated and randy. I think winter air does that for a lot of people. That's why ski resorts are such hotbeds (literally!) of sin and sex.

Last season I got a job behind the bar of a ski hotel in the Tyrol and I met this local mountain guide called Heinz. He came skiing with me one day and led me off the marked trail and towards a wood. My snowplough came to grief when I hit a drift, just as I was slowing down. I dived into the powdery snow and Heinz came to pull me out, but he slipped and we were both flounder-ing. Then we started kissing and I could feel him getting hard. His cock was like him – long, slim and golden. He didn't have much body hair. I took him in my mouth and sucked him like a ice-lolly, and made sure I kept massaging his lovely smooth balls to keep them warm.

I wriggled my ski pants down and, quick as he could, he transferred his nine inch erection from my mouth to my vagina and we had this unreal fuck in a white world, with snow gently falling on us like feathers. It was the most unusual and most erotic screw I'd ever had.

ANDREA, 42, violinist

I had a trip to Canada in winter to play some concerts with the orchestra I'm with. Over one weekend, I was invited to go on a hunting party with some people I met out there. We took a Landrover to this remote spot in the forest, log cabins on the edge of a lake. Fresh air and lots of booze made me very randy, plus the presence of so many big, handsome, bearded, sexy Canadians. One or two were getting a bit fresh, so I drunkenly said that whichever one had the biggest cock could sleep with me.

Three guys got their pricks out, and I tell you they were all amazing. One was thicker, one was longer, and one guy had the most enormous head on a pretty skinny cock, but I could just imagine it pounding me like a pestle. I told the guy with the thick prick that he could have me, I meant at bedtime, but he thought I meant right there and then. He flung himself on me on the rug in front of the log fire.

As I lay gasping with pleasure afterwards, spunk still dripping out of me, the guy with the longest one started fucking me, while I sucked the one with the big knob, and eventually took that up me, too, so there were three lots of spunk mingling and running out of me. I was just covered in Canadian cum. It was the most memorable fuck session of my life. I think men are fitter and randier in winter, because they have to move faster to keep warm. Heat kills sex for me.

LAURA, 49, teacher

I lost my virginity at Christmas, when I was 18 – My God, over thirty years ago and I'm still at it!

I'd gone for a drive with the boy I was going out with. He'd taught me how to wank him off and I'd done that quite a lot, and he'd even put his fingers inside my knickers, but we'd never had it off because I was unsure about it. We'd had a great Christmas morning round at my parents' opening presents and drinking sherry, and we though we'd drive up to the park and have a walk, as it had just snowed a bit.

We parked the car and started kissing, and suddenly I found myself feeling so passionate and turned on, I didn't know what to do with myself. I begged him to put his hand down there and feel me a bit, but just his fingers twiddling around wasn't doing enough for me. We couldn't see the park keeper anywhere, so we climbed into the back seat where he clambered awkwardly on top of me. I don't know how he ever got it in, with the cramped space and me being tight, but I was sopping wet so that helped. It was the first time I'd ever noticed the smell of my natural musk.

Colin came in only a few strokes, he was so excited, but I was coming from the moment he touched me with his penis. We drove home very shakily and were ravenous for our Christmas dinner. I've loved screwing outdoors in winter ever since.

SUZETTE, 27, PR assistant

My sex drive goes right down in winter. I'm a summer sun creature; if there's no sunshine, I'm not interested. I'm a right misery during winter as I feel the cold badly, and the only place I'd consider having sex would be in a room with the central heating turned up full blast.

GEMMA, 31, personal assistant

I've had the same boyfriend for two years, apart from the occasional one night stand, and I've noticed that my guy is definitely randier in warm weather. He's much easier to turn on then. In cold weather, his cock shrinks up and requires a lot of persuasion to get hard. I can't remember any outstanding winter fucks, only summer ones. Pity guys' willies don't react the same way to the cold as ladies' nipples. That would make walking down the street more interesting!

Deb's DELIGHT

We've got the bustiest girl in the business, but she needs costumes to wear. You suggest 'em & we'll kit 'er out.

Seems like we struck the right chord when we introduced Deb's Delight in our Christmas special just gone, judging by the notes you have directed our way. Debee herself was tickled pink by the size of our reader's reactions...

"What shall I do next?" was her gleeful response. Our collective brains began spinning, until Debee jumped up into a pose reminiscent of an Irish jig.

"Look! One man says he wants to see me dressed as a ballerina," she stated. "What about that, then?"

It's hard to argue with a girl like this when she sets her heart on something, with her eyes shining, her chest heaving from the recent onslaught of pirouettes.

The only hitch facing us then was maintaining the delicate equilibrium of Deb's magnificent stature within the flimsy confines of the tutu. The results were a lot of fun, as you can see. To the accompaniment of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, Deb's deft digits were soon holding the ridiculously small piece of frilly material against her body.

You just have to take a good look to see how this is the sort of performance which has given rise to the traditional standing ovation. At this point, Debee was sitting, not entirely balletically, on the floor: "Slippers too!" she said, and then she was up and off; legs flying, arms twirling, and tight tutu ... um ... tutuing.

It kind of makes you think that those blokes in padded tights have got it right if they could get a prima ballerina like Deb jumping into their arms, dressed like this.

Encore!

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Little Titters

Oh God – it's my wife!

When do we get to go to bed, Vicar?

Weren't you on 'What's My Line' the other week?

Takes you back, doesn't it? I remember that night in '58 when you let me slip my hand into your blouse…

After all this lark, she'd better be bleedin' good in bed!

To be very honest, I don't like the look of you at all – your tits are too small!

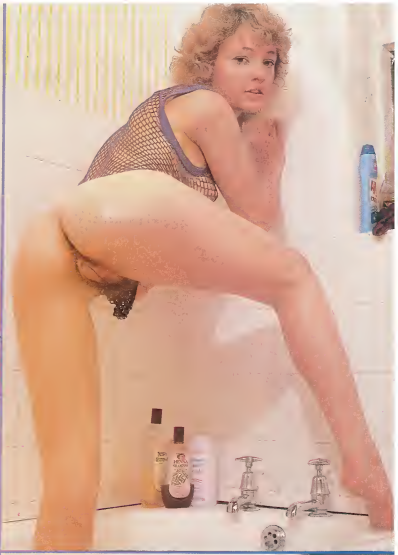
SOAKIN' SAL

There are some things that girls just have to take their time over. We've all had to wait for a girl at one time or another, but usually it's worth it. Sal's no different from most, except that when you go to pick her up you can be prepared for quite a wait because she's getting wet.

"What do you expect a girl to do? I'm sure most of the boys I go with prefer the squeaky-clean version of me to the other, although most would agree I'm at my dirtiest after a good long soak."

She went on to explain that a bath relaxes her totally and "when I'm relaxed I'm ready to play dirty. Usually I'll answer the door while still dripping – timing's important. I've got some big bath towels but the skimpier the better. One or two quick flashes of my damp patches and I just know they're going to appreciate my attention to detail."

We'll wait, Sal...



LET LOLA DO IT

...ON THIN ICE

When I was a young girl, I learned how to skate very quickly. It was certainly a way of getting from one place to another. I was good on the ice. I knew how to skate away from the men I did not like, and towards the men that I did. Many times, a man would be skating by himself, only to look beside him to see that he had acquired a companion travelling at the same speed, blonde, good-looking and perfectly prepared to go to bed with him as soon as we could get our skates off.

Now that I am in England, I find it is cold, but the ice is on your ponds or on special rinks for which people are pleased to charge admission. That is why you see me here, practising with my *roller* skates. I am not quite as fast as I used to be on the ice, so I do not use these skates as a way of obtaining a boyfriend. That, I find, is not necessary. As soon as a man sees me heading in the direction of your rink, with my sportswear under my arm, he would like me to come home with him and try it all on while he produces his cock for me to suck.

I am, of course, open to these suggestions. Most recently, I met someone who pulled up beside me in his car and asked very politely if I would enjoy it if he put me through my paces. I was intrigued by this expression. I am always hearing new phrases from this country that I am anxious to try out in my column. Recently, I have heard 'hair of the dog', which I did not find successful, and 'the rope has never been made that binds thoughts', which I did.

But I am telling you about my man in the motor vehicle. I did not really wish to be skating at all, and so his suggestion to me was beautifully timed. Considering what a handsome specimen he was, I was also aware that my vagina, never a very sleepy organ at the best of times, was beginning to tingle.

Once we arrived at the place he called home, but was something on the palatial side, he was eager to see me parade in my sporting uniform. Did I play games? he wanted to know. It was difficult to reply to me in words of one sentence. I was not, I told him, averse to spending energy in the right direction. As I said this, I happened to be looking at 'the right direction'. His cock had already found a way of deceiving his trousers, and was poking through to reveal a splendid, thick purple head. I was thinking that I would like to skate around it with my tongue, in circles.

He was not, it turned out, in the mood to be playful. He wished to get down to the serious business of fucking me straight away. I was wet, so I did not object to the lack of the foreplay. As he approached me, I was wearing a protective helmet, elbow and knee-pads, but the charming devil got through all my defences nonetheless.

LETTERS

Dear Sexy Lola,

Thank you so much for your cock-rearing appearance as a school-girl in the recent Razzle issue. It was the first, but definitely not the last Razzle to be purchased by myself. I have had at least a dozen lovely wanks over you in those pictures. Perhaps, in view of what I have already given you, you might stop to consider my requests, thus stimulating even more frantic jerking off over your lusty form. If you give, in my experience, and get back something for your trouble, it only makes you want to give still more.

My favourite costumes for you to be wearing in future issues are as follows: A Can-Can dancer in a red and black dress with lots of frills, black seamed nylons and high-heeled red courts. Please make sure, once you are dancing inside this outfit, to flash those stocking tops to me.

The second part I would like for you to play is a tart with lots of make-up on, nail-varnish, thigh-split skirt, peep-toe high heels, fishnet stockings, and see-through blouse. Once again, as soon as you are comfortable within this costume, let's have some nice shots of the tart being very obvious indeed about her availability. I think you'll agree with me, Lola, that there's absolutely no point in acting the part of a whore, only to go all stone-cold on a man.

I have two other suggestions which I'd be grateful if you'd consider. I'd be pleased to see you as a Western saloon girl with nice low cleavage and lots of colour in the overall design. You might research this yourself, so that all the details in your masquerade are perfectly in keeping with the period. While you're at it, you'd also look wonderful as a naughty nurse with white courts, black nylons, white skirt (very short) and black sussies.

I would not be unwilling to meet you dressed in any of these outfits I've described to you, whilst caressing your silky undies.

Tony, Derby

Oh Tony, you are so masterful. I like that. Of course, you have been reading my mind in my column, so you know what I like. I do not think it will be a problem to parade in these lovely costumes you mention. You must not worry about the details, because I am as fussy as you when it comes to creating exactly the right impression. It is so important. Why do you think I have so much success when I dress up?

Dear Lola,

Recently I was flicking through one of my friend's Razzles when I noticed, first of all, how dead horny you were, and then that you actually had an address to write in to. So here I am, writing to you with two categories in mind.

First of all, I would like to discuss a problem with you that I seem to have. Ever since puberty, I have dreamed of making love to an older

woman. When I was 17 years old, I was thinking I would like her to be in her 30s. Now I am older, I have shifted this age group to between 45 and 50. What I ended up doing was making love to an 18-year-old virgin, and I could see right away that it wasn't what I wanted.

I found discussing this with other people has not had the desired effect either. My mates all say that I'm a pervert. Maybe I am, but I don't think so. All I desire is an older, more experienced, good-looking woman who has no inhibitions about sex. If it was at all possible, I'd like her to be fond of wearing very kinky underwear, have her own collection of dildos, hold a definite preference for oral sex and perhaps have a little of the bi-sexual in her too.

Can you tell me how to get in contact with a woman like this? Maybe a brothel is what I'm looking for, I don't know. Do you think I might find a working woman or even a housewife who's into these kind of things? What do you suggest?

Before you reply, I notice that you like to hear fantasies, so here's mine. After a very enjoyable evening with the lads, I go home to find two very horny and good-looking mature women in my bed, feeling each other up but waiting for me to join them also. They each have a huge throbbing vibrator, glistening with their lubrication and sweetly smelling of orchid nectar.

I take one of these vibrators into my mouth, because I want to imagine what a woman feels when she partakes in a session of deep throating. Well, then all hell breaks loose. I don't know who is doing what to who, but after ten minutes I insert my cock into each of their cunts before spurting over four breasts. Do you think this is likely to happen, Lola? Do only perverts have thoughts like these?

Dominic, Wales

Dominic, I will begin your answer by making one thing, I hope, clear. The word 'pervert' is used mostly by people who are merely reacting to the fact that what you want is different from what they want. I have said this before, but things do not change, I am sorry to say.

Yes, I am sure that there are professional women who will perform what you ask of them, if it is similar to your fantasy. There are also women out there in the world who are looking for men like you, someone to share their fantasies and desires. You must not give up hope of meeting a woman of this calibre. I hope you are looking, Dominic, and not spending all your time sitting in the houses of your friends just waiting for her to ring the doorbell. If you want someone badly, you must make the effort to find her, but with patience too.

LOLA RULES, OK!

Fantasies or Problems? No problem. Tell Lola and she'll deal with them in no uncertain terms. Just drop a line to: LOLA AT RAZZLE, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Commentary by Captain H.J. Fogg, Royal Army Pay Corps, retired.

When one is permanently impecunious – what the lower orders refer to as 'skint' – there is only one thing left before the death note to the taxman. Writing one's memoirs. "You are making the assumption, of course that you *have* some?" sniffed the bitch goddess, my lady wife, the Honourable Amelia. "I think someone's actually beaten you to it…what was it called…*The Diary Of A Nobody*."

"Madam," I snarled. "I am one of the few remaining chaps who served on the North West frontier."

"Oh, yes. Pinner, wasn't it, with the barmaid at the *Rose & Crown*?"

"Jealousy, Amelia, will get you everywhere no one else wants to go."

Later on, at the Conservative Club, I broached the subject to my two cronies, the secretary, Major Buffy Goodhew, and Vice Admiral Trumper. "'Course, you'll need a ghost writer," boomed Trumper. "Preferably with naval experience…"

"…Who served with the Home Fleet in the Western Desert?" interjected Buffy.

"I think I am quite capable of writing my own memoirs," I snapped, a touch peeved.

"'Course you are," Trumper agreed. "The second language at Sandhurst has always been gibberish."

"Yeah, s'right," said Sally the barmaid, pinking up. "Old soldiers never lie. They only lose their balls."

"And there," murmured Buffy, eyeing his bit of fluff, "speaks a woman of experience."

"This is all very witty and amusing, but it isn't exactly helping me," I grumbled.

"Well, for God's sake man, it shouldn't be difficult," shouted Trumper, waving his ear trumpet. "Minor public school, married money, junior officer in the Pay Corps…Tell-story…*War & Peace*…will have to look to his laurels. I mean, dammit man, how would you *like* to be remembered?"

"Posthumously!"

Back at Fogg Towers I pondered the problem. I called Dodge, my solicitor, and told him what I had planned. "No problem, old boy. Just one thing, though. Make sure that when you publish all the people you have mentioned are dead or you are."

"What?"

"Our British libel laws, old boy. The bigger the truth, the bigger the libel. That sort of rot. I mean, YOU know and I know that your late and unlamented father-in-law was a tight fisted, social-scaling, Antipodean old twot. But his daughter, to whom you are probably still married, might become somewhat unpity to have that er, shall we say, *privileged information*, made public?"

"Sor, if I may interrupt," said me chauffeur, O'Balls. "It seems there need not be a problem if you, er, circumnavigate the truth a little."

"How little?"

"About 95%"

I was intrigued. The Irish are very deep people, not to say inherently devious into the bargain. "Go on," I said.

"Well now, sor. The way I look at it is that truth is expedient. What matters is a good story. An' sometimes events that did not take place at all have to be imagined and told as it never happened."

"O'Balls!" I shouted. "I am not getting into the Irish subterfuge. I am no stranger to the truth…"

"Quite so, sor. But you were never properly introduced…"

Some months later a parcel arrived at Fogg Towers. Amelia opened it over breakfast and I watched her mouth sag in amazement. "Horatio, what on earth…*The Lines Of Bengal Prancer*, by Baron Huntingdon-Foggleigh. 'The recollections of a gay blade and raconteur in British India'. Have you gone mad?"

"Probably, m'dear," I murmured, helping myself to a plate of kedgeree.

"We shall be the laughing stock…"

"Why? Are you Baroness Huntingdon-Foggleigh?"

"B-b-b-but, it's rubbish!"

"Of course it is."

"I mean, just listen; 'When I arrived in Poona in the summer of '96 accompanied by 50 fuzzies and 40 bearers, General Gordon stepped down the veranda steps entrance of Government House to welcome me' 'Gordon was in *Khartoum!*"

"He's also served twenty times an hour at the club – large and pink."

I sat back and reflected. What had that appalling oik with the 'cor blimey' accent said at the publisher's? "Ah…s'Sunverly rubbish, Fogey. It's the sort of shit that's selling these days. The troof? Nah, fuck 'em! Who needs it!" I put down my knife and fork and reflected that if I hurried up 'Baron Huntingdon-Foggleigh' could well arrive at the *Siege of Delhi* before opening time.

HOME Strip

I'm a housewife and my name is Velma. I'm married to a sweet man called Jim. He is very good to me, and I've no cause for complaints at all. We've got what you'd call an average sex life – two or three times a week, but very rarely in the bedroom. No, Jim likes to take me on the floor mostly. It's weird, that. One minute, we're having a cosy conversation beside the living-room fire, or watching a television programme, and before either of us really knows what's happening, we're both tearing each other's clothes off. I find the suddenness of the whole thing very exciting.

Anyway, what I want to tell you begins at the point where Jim and I had just finished a marathon, sweaty session in the kitchen. I'd been doing the washing-up after some breakfast we'd had, and I was wearing my shortie nightie and an apron. Jim came up behind me, told me to hold the taps, lifted up my nightie and plunged his cock into my cunt. I felt so *helpless*. It was wonderful. I climaxed a couple of times, then Jim exploded inside me. Well, we both had to sit down after that just to recover. My legs were slightly wobbly.

Fabulous

Jim had gone upstairs to get dressed, and I was thinking about doing the same when the doorbell went. I told Jim I'd get it, not even aware of what I looked like. I opened it to find the postman (not our regular one, who's grey-haired and asthmatic, but a fabulous young man with his longish hair tucked behind his ears) holding out a parcel for me. It was registered, so it needed my signature on it.

It suddenly dawned on me as I reached for his pen that I just had this flimsy little apron on. Jim had torn my nightie from the back during his fit of mad passion). If you think that was bad, wait till you hear this. I saw this young guy looking at me with undisguised amusement, just as I also became aware that Jim's spunk had started running down my leg. Some of it had fallen on his shoe when I took the pen. We both spotted it almost at once.

"Let me get a cloth!" I wailed. I was so embarrassed.

"That's alright. I'll wipe it on the grass. No harm done, Mrs. It is Mrs., isn't it?" I nodded. He looked downright cheeky when he asked that.

Once my embarrassment had cooled off, and Jim had left for work, I thought about what had happened, and I began to get distinctly hot between the legs. He knew I'd been fucked, and so recently that the evidence was still pouring out of me. Trouble was, I couldn't do anything about it. Well, not until Jim got back anyway. So I planned my campaign. I wanted to look so available to him when he put his key in the front door, that he'd drop whatever he was carrying and take me forcefully against the bannisters.

I decided not to wear too much, as Jim is always damaging my clothes, so that he or I are

perpetually having to go out and buy more of everything. So I wore blue pearls (fake) and a red see-through chemise that only just covered my breasts and is pretty tight around the crotch. Keep it simple, I thought, so I finished the effect with a dark overcoat (one of Jim's, actually).

It was around lunchtime when I heard the doorbell again. In my erotic daze, it managed to cross my mind that Jim had left his keys behind, so I waltzed up to the door opened it, allowing the coat to fall back to reveal my saucy red number, and going "Tra-la!" or something else suitably idiotic. Guess who it was? That's it, my relief postman, and was he glad to see me!

"I see you're expecting me," he said, grinning from ear to ear.

At first, I didn't know what to say, where to look or how to handle it. But the fact of the matter was, I was as randy as hell. The blood in my cheeks turned from shame to lust in seconds. There was a part of me that wanted to wait until my husband returned, and another part that couldn't afford to.

Bulging

"Are you here to deliver something?" I asked him.

"Yes, but not a parcel this time." We both looked down at his trousers which were bulging with the effort to contain his hard cock. I invited him inside. The whole thing had gone too far for me to back down.

However, when he reached for me, to pull the coat from my shoulders, I thought it was time to establish some rules. Not so fast, I told him. I fancied a nice, slow build-up to a fuck for once, so I sat him down on our couch while I stood a few feet away and toyed with the idea of letting Jim's coat fall to the carpet. When I did, I took to adopting seductive poses like I'd seen models do in the magazines Jim sometimes reads. I kept my hands over my breasts, and wiggled the lower half of my body, sort of giving him the idea of what it would be doing once he was inside me.

Then I took one shoulder strap at a time, peeling them off the shoulders, so the clingy material began to fall away from the top of my cleavage until my tits literally popped out of them. Then I turned my back on him, sliding my thumbs underneath the elastic around my buttocks, which eased the garment, tight though it was, further down. I paused as it reached my hips.

"Just stay there, and bend over," said my student postman. The authority in that voice made me shiver, and I did exactly as I was bid. I could hear him come over to me, then I could feel the tip of his cock brushing against the taut material around my crotch. I went mad.

"Rip it off! Rip it off now!"

That's what he did. I can't say it was the best striptease I've ever performed, but the fuck I got out of it was beautiful.

Velma, Reading

CHESTNUT CORNER

Heard any good jokes lately? Send them to Chestnut Corner, Razzle, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE, and we'll send you £2 for each gag published.

★ The wedding night was to be spent at the home of the bride's folks. The bride's sister sewed across the knee of one of her pyjama legs, before the happy couple went to bed. The frantic bride, trying to dress coyly for her first night, struck this snag in the dark and cried to her new husband, "I can't get it in, Henry, you'll have to cut it open a little with your knife."

From behind the door the bride's mother emerged screaming: "Don't cut it – it will stretch. Mine did!"

★ A man couldn't get a job, so his wife offered to do a little street-walking to help the family larder. Late that night she came home and gave him £10 and five new pence in single coins. "Who gave you the five pence?" he asked.

"They all did," she replied.

S.S., Nth Humberside

★ A young man was infatuated by a beautiful girl who lived next door to him, but he didn't know how to tell her so. He asked a friend how he should tackle it.

"It's easy," said his optimistic pal. "Take her some flowers. She'll probably say how beautiful they are, then you say – 'But they're not half as lovely as you'. That's the hardest part over, and the rest is plain sailing!"

"Great," he replied. "I'll do just that tomorrow."

The next day, armed with flowers, he summoned up his courage and knocked on the young maiden's door. She opened it, wearing only a thin negligee.

"Thank you," she said taking them, "they are beautiful."

"But not half as lovely as you!" came the rehearsed reply.

She led him inside and, casting aside her negligee, lay, legs apart, on the sofa.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"The flowers."

"Haven't you got a vase?"

★ Q: What goes in hard and crisp and satisfies two people?
A: A tea bag.

★ Q: Why do lighthouses blink?
A: Wouldn't you if you had crabs on your rocks.

Irfan, W. Midlands

MEET THE WIFE

Back To B

Mandy's a girl who prefers the basic things in life and, at 23, she's achieved most of what she wants. Married recently, to Bob, they both enjoy natural, earthy pleasures.

"We're both outdoor types, so we like to spend our free time walking. We always try to find somewhere nice and secluded, away from crowds," said Mandy.

Isn't this a bit... anti-social?

"No way. It's what we get up to when we've found a quiet spot that some people find 'anti-social'. We like humping, screwing, call it what you want, in the wilds. I'm a real screamer, and when Bob goes down on my smooth puss, the echoes can be heard for miles! The walls of our flat are very thin, so the further away the better."

Bob grinned while pulling on his hiking boots.

Basics

JOIN THE PROFESSIONALS

We'll pay £100 for each set of pix of your favourite lady. Even if you ain't got a camera but think she deserves a spread in Razzle, just send a snap or Polaroid to the editor and if he fancies her, too, he'll send his own roving cameraman to take the pics for you. And you still get the £100. How's that for Razzle value?

Star Qualities

Hitting it off with the ideal partner has a lot to do with your stars, says SORAYA MOON. If you're wondering about your chances with Miss X, Mrs Y or Mr Z, just send Soraya as many details as possible about the two of you and she will give you her opinion . . .

The man I live with left his wife for me a year ago. He wanted me to write this letter because I've been off with a couple of fellows and I don't know why, because I came straight back to him. He's Taurus and I'm Sagittarius. He works in a brewery and I've been unemployed for several months which made me bored stiff, but now I hope to get a job in a new canning factory that's opening near us. Does Sagittarius go well with Taurus? Quite honestly, I hope it does, because we have enjoyed this year together, despite my going off, and really, I want to stay.

Grace, Aberdeen

TAURUS MEN can be really rather macho. They can be physical and bullish. Earthy and masculine, they are often rather good looking and sensual into the bargain. Sexual prowess can be something they are really proud of, so it is hard to see, in one way, why you have been unfaithful to your man – unless he suffers from the odd bout of brewer's droop.

Taurus men can sometimes be a bit smug, so perhaps that put you off just when you were feeling dejected because you were unemployed. But they can be relied on, even though they are not always patient with female emotions which they all too readily label 'hysterical'.

Now Sagittarian women like to be in on the action; they like newness and movement. They like to feel excited. They like to communicate and love to be in love. All this is necessary to them and so they are usually full of vitality. Sagittarians are optimists in love matters.

The women under your sign are born flirts and they don't always settle easily, but not to worry, yours should be a good combination in the long run. Both of you are sexual creatures, but you will need to feel his companionship.

You have an independent streak and he can't possess you.

I hope you get your job – but hope you won't be canning worms.. Keep your wild side hidden a little more and watch your man: you won't want a beer belly to come between you – if he turns to his booze for consolation, you could find yourself stranded in your own froth which no amount of puffing will blow away.

Phil's Hook

Phil (her mum insists on Philippa at home in Bristol) came to London to find fame and fortune, found neither and was about to go back to being called Philippa, when a friend suggested she use her looks to get a hook into the circles she had been chasing.

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And here she is, her first appearance in Razzle, still wearing (almost) her work clothes. What a *Phil*-osophy!

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Dave's DREAMGIRL

Some dreams arrive by water, hence the expression 'when my ship comes in'. You just have to fasten your eyes to this page to realise what sort of transportation Chantale is used to. She kind of *glides* into your consciousness from the left, and stays there.

"I've noticed that," says Chantale. "Men won't leave me alone. They gather round and peer at me, hoping to see a lot more of me than I'm showing."

Well, this dreamy portrait of the lady in question should set quite a few minds at ease.

SKIN DEEP

THE WEIRD, WIDE WONDERFUL WORLD OF NATURISM BY ELSPETH FONTAIN

ON THE HORNS OF A NUDIST

There is something very romantic about the two of you going off to a naturist hotel somewhere, spending the mornings swimming naked in the sea, midday having lunch and then going back to your room for a sexy interval, and then back to rest on the beach. Just sun, sea and plenty of sex for a whole fortnight.

It's even better when you go with a whole group of people because you have more fun, and you never know who you'll meet. When it's a singles type holiday, you get a strange mixture of people and it's interesting to see how they all react once they're pushed together with their knickers off.

Some people go on nudist holidays because they want to do something exciting for once. If ever you do those quizzes in newspapers, you'll have come across some which tell you whether you're an interesting person or not. Answer 20 questions and find out whether you are a social success (as if you didn't know anyway). Then if you get them all wrong they tell you you're a crashing bore and you need to do something way out to give you something to talk about and put zest into your life. Try hang-gliding, they suggest, or join an exploration group to the Amazon, or go on a nudist holiday. The last one is of course the least dangerous and expensive, so off they go. There's always at least two of them on these holidays.

Then there are those who've been itching to do it for years. They think that the minute they drop their pants, the truths of the world will all be revealed. What actually reveals itself is usually a lily-white bum and a limp prick, but sometimes the sun gets to them and they return a completely different person.

You get the married couples who hope that being amongst 'free types' will add a spark to their sex life. It sometimes does, although sometimes one partner finds a spark outside the marriage which ruins the whole holiday (and the relationship) completely.

Then there are the newly-made couples. Men often tell their new girlfriends that their last girl was old-fashioned, frumpy, prudish and frigid and *wouldn't* be seen dead without her bikini top on. This of course means that the new one goes out of her way to be nude and liberated which of course pleases the man.

Waggling Willies

Sometimes people go just to rebel. And I'm not talking about teenagers here. In fact this usually applies to men in their seventies who finally pluck up the courage, and then they prance around like excited schoolboys waggling their willies to everyone – but in the nicest possible way.

But of course most people go to get laid. They might not admit to it, and they're also there to enjoy the sunshine and volleyball, but most single people who go on any holiday hope that they'll get something more, and nudists are no exception.

When you're with a group of people, you tend to be popular if you can sing, play a musical instrument or tell people's fortunes. Unfortunately I can't do any of those. But what I can do is ask people whether they'd like to fuck – in French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Serbo-Croat, Japanese and Icelandic. Now this might sound a dubious achievement, but actually it always means I'm much in demand. Because when you go abroad, language is always a problem. Fortunately, there are many people who speak some English, but what happens when you don't?

There you are at the disco, and having spotted some bird you fancy across the other side, you go and ask her to dance. Then after three slow numbers you decide to speak to her. And she can't understand a word you say. Now it's probably obvious to both of you what you both want, and everybody knows that on holiday you don't actually spend much time courting before you leap into the sack. But you've got to say something. And this is where I find myself in demand. I've actually helped at least half a dozen couples speed up their sexual progress in this way. It's nice to know you can help others to come, on holiday.

But there are some people who don't need any assistance at all. One woman I know, is a dedicated teacher. She's married to a social worker, and they lead a very straight and industrious life at home. They usually go on naturist holidays together, but last year he couldn't get the time off so he told her to go alone, and enjoy herself. But we were all amazed at how much she did enjoy herself and was enjoyed.

Usually, on naturist holidays, there'll be an organised boat trip where everybody leaps naked into a large boat, gets pissed, and then dances about naked with each other. Yet it all remains above board, as it were. This committed and ever-before faithful teacher suddenly changed. She managed to surround herself with a group of naked men and was enjoying dancing with each one in turn. The rest of the passengers were behaving fairly normally, and the mandolin player was playing *O Sole Mio*, and it seemed like a typical naturist's boat outing. But suddenly, the men surrounding this teacher started jumping one by one into the sea, which seemed a bit strange. But apparently, she'd made a bet with the mandolin player that she could force ten men to jump into the sea without actually telling them to do so. He hadn't imagined how, but what she'd actually done was go round fondling each guy until they had a hard-on and became so 'visibly embarrassed' that they had to cool off – and there was only one place to go. She took the word 'prick-tease' to its extreme.

Now the reason I'm telling you all this is not to surprise you. Regular Razzle readers will all have many experiences which are twenty times as horny as that. But for the occasional reader who wants to know about naturism, I really feel I must put them right. So many people still believe that naturists are models of purity. I know it sounds daft, but that's what many have been saying for some years now.

Feel Horny

I suspect that many of you have experienced the real thing – and more. And I'd be really interested to find out what your experiences were. When you visited a nudist beach or club for the first time did you feel horny? Or was it literally a let-down? Did you go on your own? If so, who did you meet?

I know there are some incredible things that have happened to naturists, even those going along for the first time.

I'd love you to write in and tell me some of your experiences – and if you do, I promise to tell you some more of mine and my naturist friends. Just drop me a line here at Razzle – let's tell 'em what it's really all about!

You can write to Elspeth Fontain c/o Razzle, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

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BEST Bits

Nicola Jane, East Sussex

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Company Policy-work hard or look good in a tight fitting sweater

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